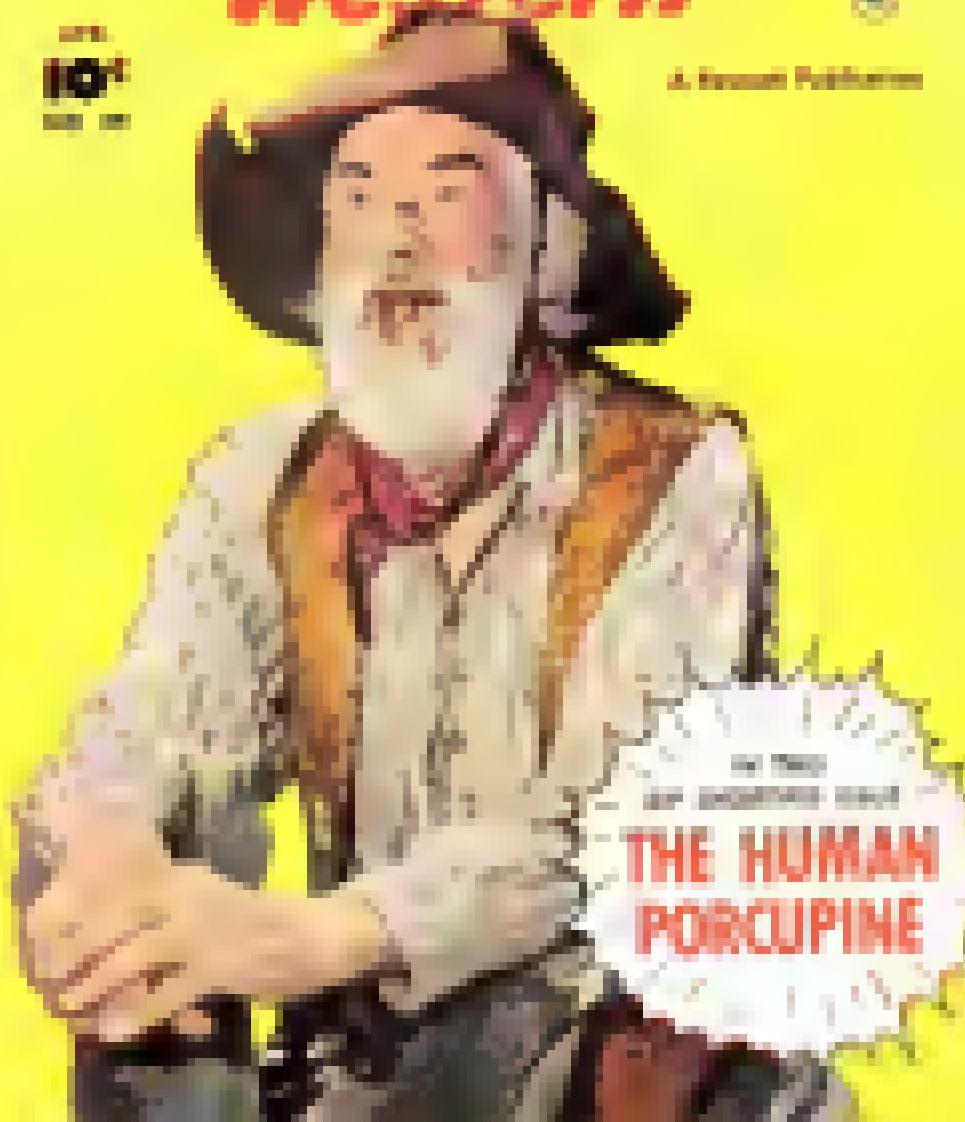


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Western

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W. A. Howard, Jr., President

CABBY HAYES

in HIDE-OUT

HERE'S A FREE LESSON
IN SHOOTING-SHOOTING
FOR ALL YAN HOMIES!

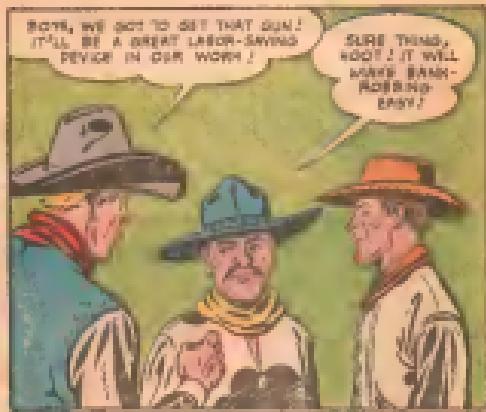
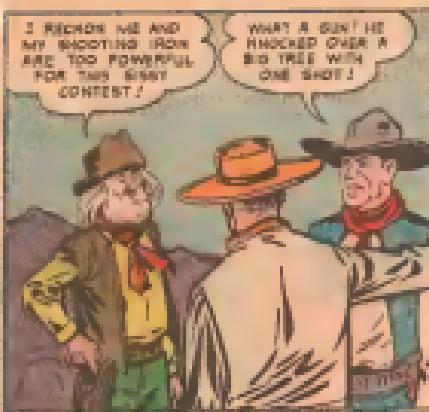
LOOK AT THAT
FOOL CANNON,
HOOPT! THAT OLE
WINDBAG MUST
BE LOOZ!

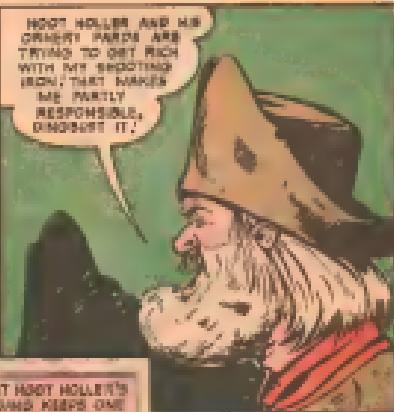
BOOM!

WHEN ROOT HOLLER STEALS
CABBY'S MIGHTY GUN,
THE PIRAT LEADS TO A
STRANGE PLACE WHERE HORST
WIL LAND IN THE HOOBOOM,
AND ONLY OUTLAWS ARE SAFE
AND PROTECTED! IT'S THE
INFAMOUS TOWN OF
HIDE-OUT!

RAWHIDE
SHOOTING
CONTEST

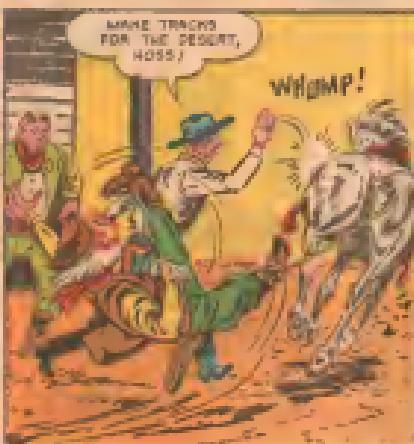








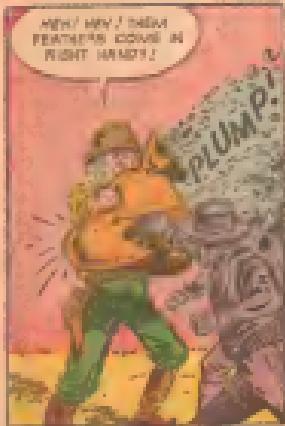
GABBY HAYES WESTERN



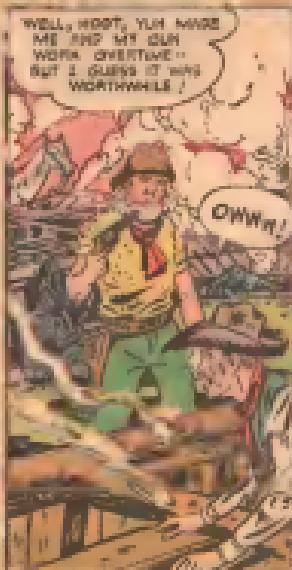




GABBY HAYES WESTERN







GUN-SLICK SHOWDOWN

A Buck Desmond Story

By Dick Kraw

STRINGING war, eh?" The big man slowly let himself down from the high-horned saddle. "Gray, I warned you yesterday. I'm greasing my sheep through this land—all of it! If there are fences on the land, they're coming down! If there are nesters putting up fences, they're getting out!"

His red face creased in angry lines, the broad-shouldered sheepherder towered over the little nester whom he had found stringing a barbed wire fence.

Softly, he repeated his last words.

"Getting out! That's you, Gray. You're clearing out of this section; if you want to stay alive . . ."

In sudden defiance, the denim-clad farmer lifted the shovel he had been tamping fence posts down with. He roared, "You're wasting your time, Colby! This is my land and I aim to stay on it—permanent. You and your gun-slacks ain't a-gonna force me off! That's my answer!"

Cyrus Colby moved fast. In one calculated gesture, he kicked hard, smashing the shovel from the smaller man's hands. His massive fist slammed against Ted Gray's jaw, and the farmer spun around. Colby smashed Gray again with a whistling blow to the chest. Grizzly, the nester slumped to the ground . . .

"Now to fix that fence," the sheepherder muttered, breathing hard. Taking a pair of steel clippers from his pocket, he began to sever the strands of barbed wire.

"Better put those clippers away, Master!"

Colby spun around! A stranger had ridden up unnoticed—a tall, lanky rambling cowhand. The waddy was dismounting . . .

The big sheepherder squared his shoulders. "Get out," he said quietly. "Get out, or I'll give you the same I just gave this blamed nester!"

Suddenly enraged at the stranger's interference, Cyrus Colby lunged forward in a bull-like attack. But his opponent was not taken by surprise. Side-stepping, Buck lashed out with a lightning-swift blow to the bigger man's

cheekbone. Again he struck—and again—each time deftly avoiding Colby's whistling blows. Realizing that he was in danger of being beaten, the sheepherder suddenly dropped his hands.

"Your hand, stranger," he said suddenly. "I'll be riding off."

He swung to the saddle of the big white horse that waited, next to Buck Desmond's bay! Wheeling the bronc, he cut crazily with his rowelled spurs, until the light-colored horse reared back. "All right," he repeated. "Your hand . . . But I'm warning you. Get out of town—out of this section—or you won't live a day! If you don't believe me, ask your new-found friend there about the Rego brothers." Spurring again, he loped off! Within a few moments, he was out of sight.

Buck Desmond turned to the little man, who had now risen. In the nester's eyes were gratitude—and worry.

"Thanks, stranger," Ted Gray said. "He probably would have put the boots to me—after dropping the fence—if you hadn't come along! But you'd better take his warning. Get out of town . . . or they'll carry you out on a shovel. *Cy Colby* means what he says . . ."

"Hold on, friend. I'll see you start at the beginning. What's this ruckus all about?"

The words poured from the nester as he told the whole ugly story. Cyrus Colby was a sheepherder who had recently moved into the valley. He was a ruthless land-grabber, a man who forced the little ranchers and nesters out by one off their land.

"Desmond, I'm telling you, you're up against a tornado! Colby's got two of the meanest gun-slacks you ever saw—the Rego brothers. They're fancy killers from down along the border! They wear their guns strapped to their legs . . . and real high-heeled polished shoes! Never do a speck of work! Colby keeps them on the payroll to handle his gunplay for him! If you go into Las Cruces, they'll ventilate you sure! Better head the other way . . ."

"Friend," Buck asked, "which way is Las Cruces? I'd kind of like to mosy down there and take a look at those high-heeled gun dandies . . . ?"

It was night when Buck rode into the brightly lit town. Even as his bay trotted gracefully down the main street, a pool of hushed silence seemed to spread out before him. Word of the rambling cowhand's encounter with Cyrus Colby had reached the town! Aware of the eyes that followed his every move, Buck Desmond stepped into the false-fronted hotel. A young clerk looked up at him, eyes wide.

"Listen, boy," Buck said. "I want a room for the night. And you can tell the other gents hereabouts that I aim to stay until about ten tomorrow. If the Rego brothers want to find me, they can do it tomorrow morning—right here in the lobby."

The clerk nodded. "Check! I can spread the word. But if you take my advice, you'll clear out first. Those Reginos are bad medicine! They'll shoot first, shoot from behind, swing a knife at you . . . anything! Better clear out!"

"No thanks! I'm staying." Then he leaned forward. "Can you tell me where I can get some bee's wax?" he asked. "I'd kind of like to shine my shoes. If I got to die with them on, they might as well look pretty in the coffin!"

Laughing, with a jarful of borrowed wax on his hand, he went up to bed.

Word quickly spread around town.

When dawn came, eyes were plastered to windows, and curtains were drawn back cautiously. The town wanted to know what was going to happen! They didn't give any stranger much of a chance against the Reginos brothers. But this hombre . . . this Desmond . . . he seemed to know what he was doing.

And Buck did know. At ten o'clock, he walked slowly down the narrow hallway into the lobby of the hotel. Standing against the opposite wall, he saw the Regino brothers.

Ray and King Regino were gun-slicks, all right. Buck knew it in the first moment, in the first glance at their hard-faced faces; at the worn guns that waited, inches from dangling hands; at the too pretty, too narrow, too high-heeled boots! Not working man's boots . . .

King Regino's eyes slitted to dark pin-lenses.

"Hello, stranger," he hissed. "We been waitin' for you. Cy Colby asked us to wait. He wants us to teach you a lesson!"

Buck paused, every muscle tensed. This was it! Imperceptibly, he could see the hands of his foes creeping toward their guns! They were going to draw—to shoot him down without warning—to center their shots with deadly accuracy on his chest! He had to move first!

His lean hand clutching the back of an armchair at the side of the room, Buck suddenly leaped the piece of furniture through the air!

Cursing, Ray and King Regino sprang to the side, to avoid the hurtling chair. And, as they leaped, they drew! At once, three guns roared viciously! But, as the two gun-slicks jumped, their feet skidded on the wooden floor! Losing their balance, they shot wildly! But Buck Desmond's aim was true. Shooting twice, he shot the guns out of the hands of his enemies!

The gunmen tried to fight back. But they were not rough and tumble fighters—and they were further handicapped by the way their boots slid on the slippery floor! After perhaps two minutes of fighting, the Regino brothers were stretched, unconscious, on the lobby floor.

A curious head thrust through the hotel door. It was the clerk. Slowly he whistled.

"What happened to them?"

BUCK smiled. "I threw a chair at them and they tried to dodge. But then they lost their balance and fell. Reckon they found that those fancy high-heeled shoes of theirs were mighty slippery on a floor that had just been waxed during the night." He tossed the remainder of a jar of wax back to the clerk . . .

"I wouldn't have played a trick like that on anybody but a pair of treacherous rabblesakes like these," he went on. "Better call the sheriff, son! He's going to want to lock them up—and also to go out and round up Cy Colby! Reckon we can find a few nesters to testify against him too, now that his side-kicks are under control!"

Humming softly to himself, Buck tried a fancy step on the newly-waxed floor. It was just about as slippery as an ice pond! Nicest floor he had ever seen . . .

THE END

Read with **BUCK DESMOND** in every issue of **GABBY HAYES WESTERN**



an

① JOHN ADAMS WAS
GEORGE WASHINGTON'S
VICE-PRESIDENT
TRUE —
FALSE —



4. THE FIRST BAPTIST
CHURCH WAS BUILT
IN 1807 AND
ADDED TO IN
1812.



④ **PROJO GOLD™** is
USED TO HELP
MAINTAIN
FIRE-RESISTANT
THER-
MOPLATE™



③ THE HELM OF THE
BOAT IS CRASHED BY
THE ALBION (ONE OF
THE BOATS IN THE PARADE)
AND THE BOAT
FLIPS
OVER.



ANSWERS

Journal of Statistical Software, Volume 10, Issue 10, December 2005, 1–20.

YOUNG FALCON

in

THE FEATHERS

YOUNG FALCON, LONE HUNTER OF THE WOODS, SILENTLY MOVES THROUGH THE DENSE FOREST WHEN HE COMES UPON A NOTICE POSTED UPON A TREE!

"WANTED--CRAN CARSON, FOR ALL BREAKING, PLEASE GIVE SHERIFF IN NEAREST TOWN ANY INFORMATION YOU HAVE ON THIS MAN. HE IS DANGEROUS!" HAWAII,



BUDWEIGH--

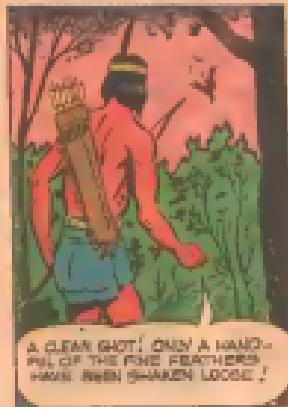
A PARTRIDGE! JUST WHAT I AM SEEKING!

I MUST BE CAREFUL, IT IS THE MOTHING SEASIN AND THE PARTRIDGE'S FEATHERS WILL BRING DISASTER!

THOUGH I WANT THE BIRD FOR MY STOMACH, I WANT TO RETURN THE FEATHERS TO THE OLD WOMAN AT THE CRANADA CAMP. SHE HAS PROMISED TO MAKE ME A FINE SUPPER OF PARTRIDGE FEATHERS...



GABBY HAYES WESTERN





A LITTLE WHILE LATER --

THAT DARNED UZARD! IF I COULD JUST GET MY HANDS ON HIS BUCKSHOT HERE I WILL MURK HIM FOR THIS!



BUT FIRST I MUST FIND HIM. HE COULD HAVE GONE IN ANY DIRECTION. IT WOULD NOT BE EASY TO FIND A TRAIL IN THESE DENSE WOODS.



YES -- THAT SCRATCHING AND PULLING WILL DIALOGUE MANY FEATHERS! BUT HOW TO FIND THE FIRST ONE? --



SOON --

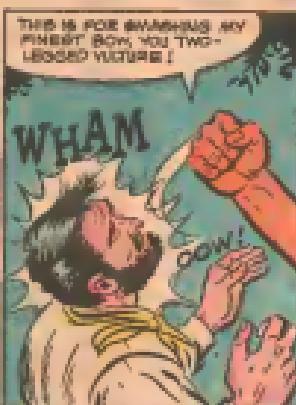


HERE THEY ARE -- NOW TO FOLLOW HIS TRAIL --

QUICKLY, YOUNG FALCON FOLLOWS THE TRAIL OF FEATHERS --

HERE ARE MORE ON THE BRAMBLES, HE CANNOT GET TOO FAR AHEAD!





Pistol PackINg PATTIE

**"CAUTIOUS
HOMME."**



THE WILD WEST AT ITS ADVENTUROUS BEST!

Rod Cameron Western



10¢ LOOK FOR EACH EXCITING ISSUE ON YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢ 50¢

CHIEF GRAY MATTER

IN PIG LATIN



GABBY HAYES

and *The Loco Photo*

DON'T BE SO STUBBORN, GABBY! I WANT A PHOTOGRAPH OF US TOGETHER!

WHAT IN Tarnation For, Hettie? You Know What We Look Like, Don't You?

STEP INSIDE, FOLKS, AND GET TAHEH — UN — I MEAN, GET YOUR PICTURE TAKEN!

TIM TYPE
Traveling Photographer
— ONE DAY ONLY —
GET YOUR PICTURE TAKEN!

Nothing but trouble develops when Gabby Hayes gets his picture taken and finds his handsome (?) features contorted into a comical LOCO PHOTO!

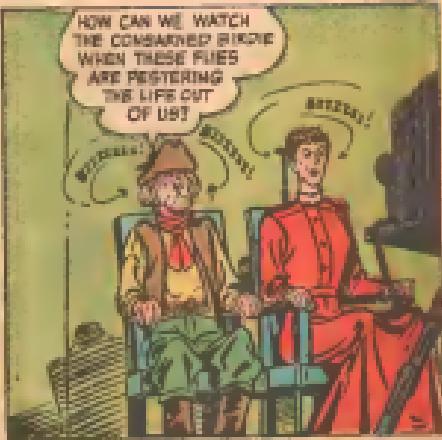
WHEW! LOOKS LIKE A DADBURNED TORTURE CHAMBER!

THERE ARE MERELY CLAMPS TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T MOVE WHEN I SHOOT YOU!

SHOOT ME? HOLD ON, PARDY! I AINT A DIBBURSTED TARGET!

HUSH, GABBY! HE'S GOING TO SHOOT THE PICTURE! DON'T BE SUCH AN IDIOT!



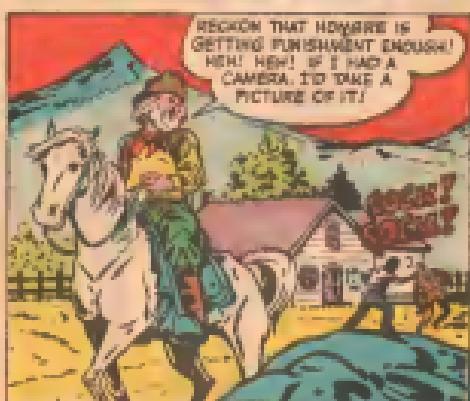


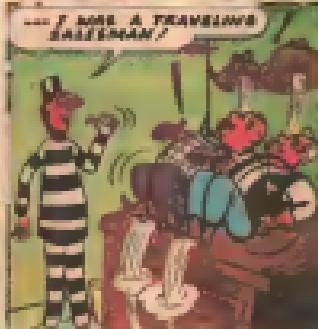
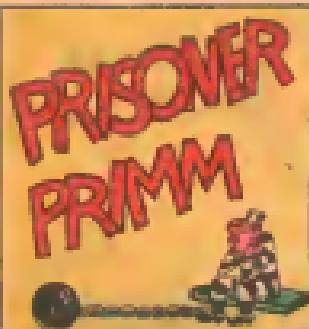












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City: _____ Zone: _____ State: _____

12 issues 24 issues 36 issues

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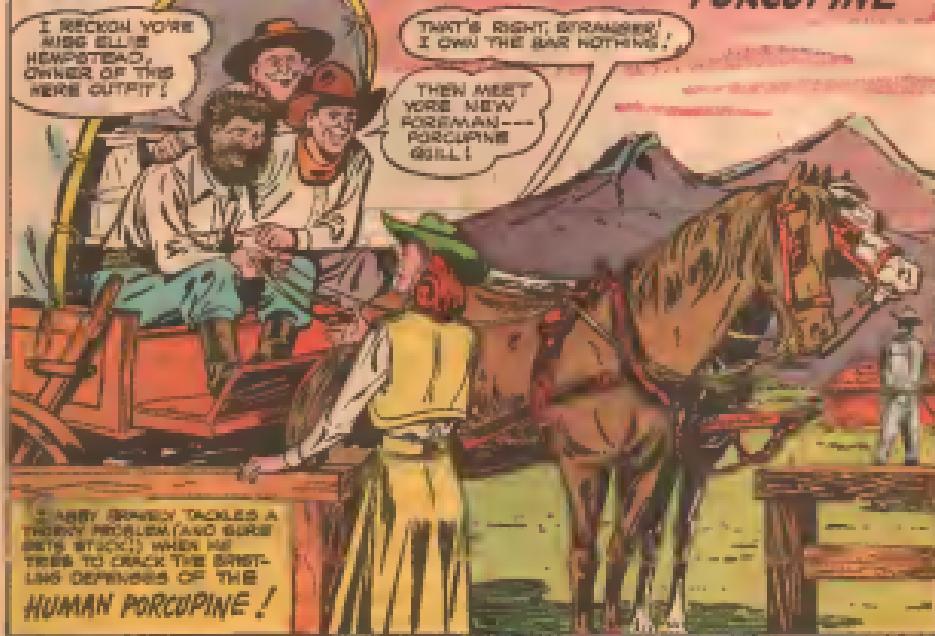
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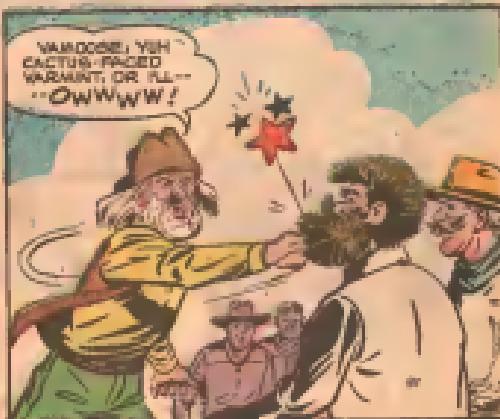
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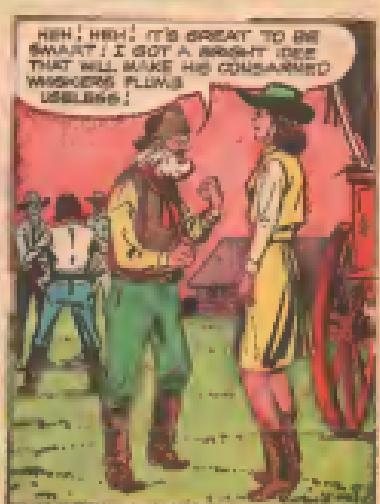
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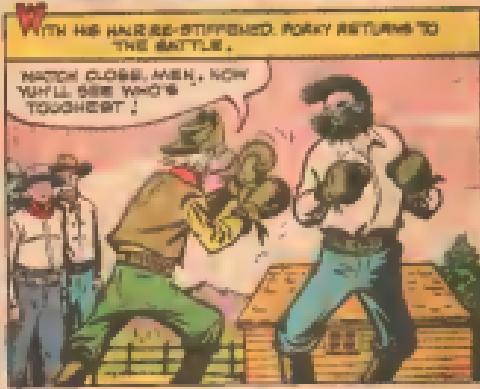
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GABBY HAYES and THE HUMAN PORCUPINE











GABBY CONCEIVES A DESTRUCTIVE PLAN TO SHRED THE INTRODUCING SAVIOR OF HIS POWER!



HIS STRENGTH IS ALL IN THEM WHISKERS! I'LL CUT THEM OFF!



CLANK



CONVINCED THAT PORKY IS A BETTER MAN,
GABBY GADY PACKS TO LEAVE THE RANCH NOTHING.

NO NEED FOR ME
HERE NOW! I'LL
TELL PORKY HE
CAN HAVE MY
JOB!



WHEN YORE
BOSS, PORKY,
WE'LL MILK THIS
RANCH DRY!

YEP, WE'LL
STEAL
EVERYTHING
THAT GAL
OWNS!

WHAT
THE - !



YU LOWDOWN THINNING
GOPHERS I YU'LL NEVER
GET THIS RANCH--- EVEN IF
YOU ARE A MAN OF IRON!



GABBY DRENCHES PORKY
WITH THE HAIR-SOFTENING
SOLUTION!

MAHIE, THIS WILL MAKE YUH
RUST A LEEETLE, IRON MAN!



ENRAGED, PORKY CATHARINALLY
DOUGED GABBY WITH THE HAIR-
HARDENING SOLUTION!

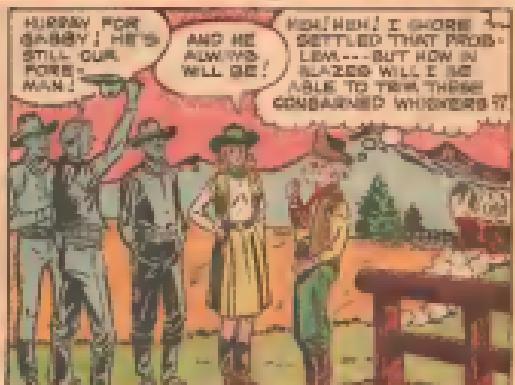


TAKE THIS, YUH
VARMIN'TO!

K-E-R-LIP

AWW! I STIFFENED
MY WHISKERS! THEY
CUT THAT CANING LIKE
A RAZOR!

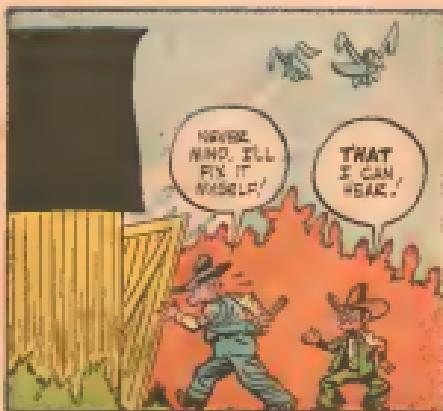






GABBY HAYES WESTERN

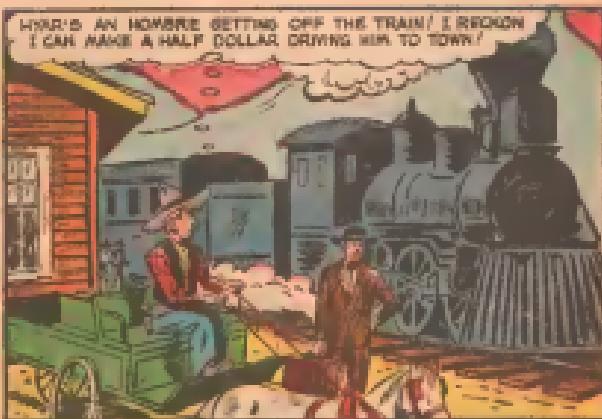






LOCO LEW

GOOD
READING



GABBY HAYES

DUNKS A RUSTLER

THERE I WAS WITH NO GUN,
TRAPPED BETWEEN THE THUNDERING
HORSES AND THE WAK-HAWING INJUN!
SO I JUST WAITED SHINING AND---

TAN MATION!
TIPPI'S SO
WRAPPED UP IN THAT
PET SQUIRREL HE
DONNAUT EVEN
HEAR ME!

BRING ME
SOME NUTS,
BEBBY!

WHAT'S THIS? THE GREAT GABBY HAYES JEALOUS
OF A MEER SQUIRREL? BUT BEFORE HIS SWEET
MATHERING TRIP TO CRESTHIT VALLEY TROUBY
GABBY AND BEBEY JOIN FORCES IN A TORO TURVY
BATTLE THAT DUNKS A RUSTLER!

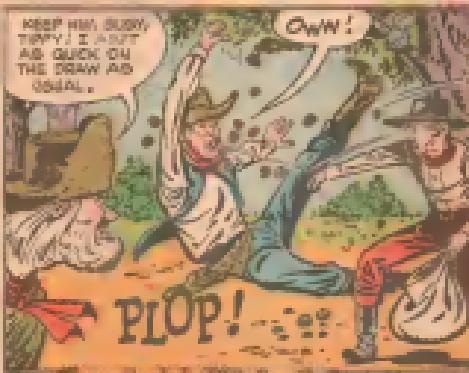
GOOD WORK,
BEBBY! I'LL TRAIN
YOU TO BE THE
SWATTEST SQUIRREL
IN THE WORLD.

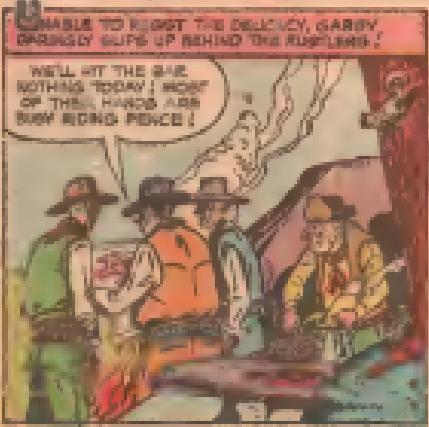
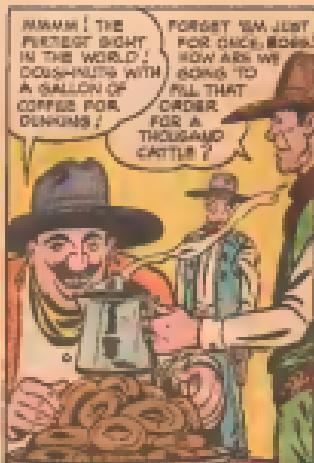
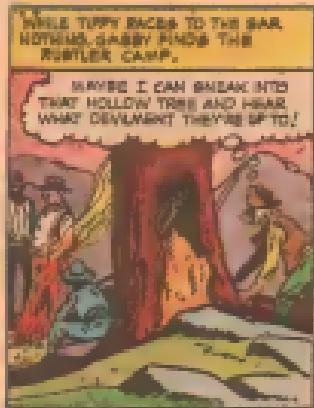
DAMNIT, TIPPI!
YOU'RE SPENDING ALL YOUR
TIME ON THAT FOOL
COTTIER!

YER
SCHOOL MARCH
WELL DROP IF YEH DON'T
GIVE UP THAT WAINWIT--
FRONTO!

GOOSH, GABBY!







DONUTS DUNCAN FLIES INTO A RAGE WHEN HE FINDS HIS VITELLES GONE .



SEARCH THE WOODS . IT MUST BE AN OUTSIDER . NONE OF MY MEN ARE LOCO ENOUGH TO COMMIT THIS CRIME !

LOOK, BOBBY ! FOOTPRINTS !



DON---

-- COUGH --
DISSOLVING SMOKE IS CHOKING ME ! I GOT TO CLIMB HIGHER ! --
COUGH !



IT'S A BIGHT GOOD PERCH ! I CAN COVER THE EXIT FROM THE VALLEY, SO THE WILDLIFE CAN'T GET OUT !

CONFINING HIS HIDE HERE SOMEWHERE IN THE TOP ! SHOOT HIM DOWN !







